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THE FINALY CASE

by Robert Barrat

VOICE OF TITO

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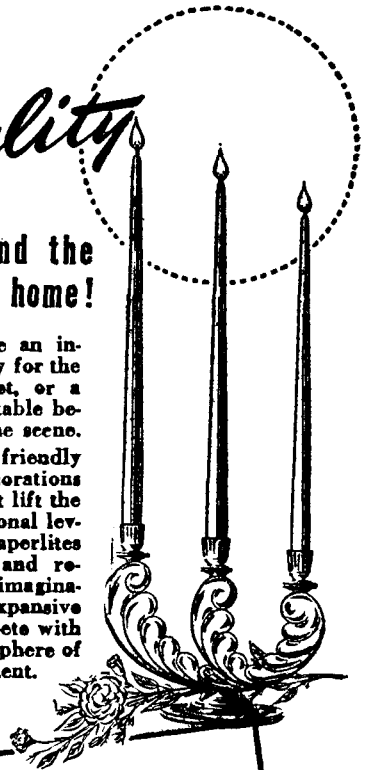

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 111

The Finaly Case
by Robert Barrat 115

A Protestant Looks at Catholics
by Reinhold Niebuhr 117

A Man from India
by John C. Cort 120

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 121

The Voice of Tito
by Evelyn Waugh 122

Book Reviews 125

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Contributing Editors:
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JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE Commonweal

week by week

PUNISHMENT WITHOUT ACCUSATION

THE picture of a faceless man huddled behind barbed-wire, not knowing why he has been imprisoned or when he may again be free, is, someone has said, a symbol of the central experience of our age. It is perhaps no accident, therefore, that Franz Kafka's novel, *The Trial,* has been widely "discovered" during the past decade.

Every generation seeks out a literature in which, as in a mirror, it can contemplate its own image, and Kafka's nightmare world, the world of the faceless man anonymously accused and gratuitously punished, has been and is the real world for millions of our contemporaries. It is not the Fall of Princes which moves us to the tragic emotion; it is, rather, the fate of these faceless men, our brothers and our neighbors, which evokes in us both pity and fear.

It is of course true that, as a people, Americans have escaped this fate, but enough of us have read the newspapers to understand its meaning. If we understand it, then we must know that in one man's fate a whole society is necessarily involved. If one man is permitted to suffer unjustly the process has begun. It is then merely a question of multiplication. For like the proverbial rotten apple in the barrel of good ones, a single injustice is often enough to spoil a free society. No free society can safely remain indifferent to it. The penalties which history exacts for indifference are terrible and sure.

Within the last few weeks two cases with Kafkaesque overtones, of men anonymously accused and gratuitously punished, have been in the papers (in the news columns, that is). One case is of truly major concern. It is that of an alien cabinet maker, Ignatz Mezei, who, for no reason ever disclosed, has been sent to Ellis Island "indefinitely" as a "security risk."

The other case is of a lesser importance, certainly, but it too has its significance. It is that of a magazine fiction editor, Bucklin Moon, summarily discharged from his position with *Collier's* because certain "patriotic" letter-writers, outraged by an article *Collier's* had published, singled out Moon as a scapegoat and branded him a "leftist." Together, these cases compose a parable of our times. It is one we would be wise to read.

DURING the last war Cyril Connolly wrote in *Horizon* that every society has its "fascist moments," especially when it is tired and afraid. The Mezei and Moon cases, each in its own way, indicate that we are growing very tired—and very afraid. As this happens we tend to retreat more and more to the security of an unbending political ideology, and to excommunicate, or at least to tolerate the excommunication of, any who have, in the past or in the present, deviated from our "line." That one alien should be imprisoned on Ellis Island, that one magazine editor should lose his job—these are dismissed as matters of small concern. For a nation's fascist moments are also its callous moments, and callousness is the necessary ally of an unbending political ideology, whatever its name may be.

The society which has grown tired and afraid becomes willing to sacrifice individual careers, hopes, and even lives to the demands of an ideological purity or an anti-personal "security." It becomes a society which lives by laws without reference to the human persons affected by those laws. It becomes the society of the one-hundred-percent "patriot," of the anonymous accuser, of the ideological blacklist—and of men who, because of all this, are, in one way or another, cast out of the community.

Ignatz Mezei, led off to Ellis Island, said, "I feel as if I was walking to death. . . . You don't do nothing on Ellis Island, you go crazy." (The Supreme Court, in a recent five-four decision, held that an alien branded a "security risk" by the Attorney General could be confined "indefinitely" without ever knowing the charges made against him.)

Bucklin Moon, fired from his editor's job, said, "I'm not trying to be a martyr. But this is a terrifying thing that can happen to anyone." (No specific

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charge of Communism or subversion had been made against him. He was merely "controversial".)

Mr. Moon is right. It is a terrifying thing, and it could happen to anyone. That is why his own case and the case of Ignatz Mezei constitute a parable of our times. And that is why we should all feel shame, and pity—and fear.

STILL BUYING AMERICAN

THE cold war years have revealed to certain leaders of American enterprise the connection between Europe's economic strength and our own national well-being. Henry Ford and other Detroit auto manufacturers are among those who have recently spoken out in favor of freer trade. In his campaign speeches, and since, Mr. Eisenhower has made gestures in the same direction. The contrast has been supplied when getting down to cases.

When the Defense Department, supported by the President and over the protests of Secretary Dulles, Harold Stassen and General Bedell Smith, recently turned down the English Electric Company's bid on generators and transformers for the Chief Joseph Dam in the Northwest, many hopes were dashed. The English company's bid was a million dollars lower than that of its nearest competitor. Failure to get the American order is taken in Europe to mean that "Trade Not Aid" is so much talk on our part. This incident was soon followed by a communiqué from the White House encouraging an increase of European exports to "third countries."

Should any illusions remain about the foreign-trade outlook of most Administration leaders, there is the assignment of Lewis W. Douglas. When he was appointed six weeks ago, it was understood that a thorough re-examination of this country's foreign trade policy would be forthcoming. Major changes were held off for a Douglas Report that would be comparable in scope to Mr. Harriman's analysis preparatory to the Marshall Plan. Now the White House says that Mr. Douglas and his associates are expected merely to follow up recent trade discussions with the British. Any over-all examination of our trade policy is put off indefinitely.

A heartening number of political figures and business executives have abandoned protectionism for a trade policy that will develop industries in other lands. It is regrettable at this critical juncture that a similar view is not shared by more men of Cabinet status.

ECONOMIC POLICIES

BY all reports, George M. Humphrey is a man of considerable personal charm. And in evaluating the members of the Eisenhower Cabinet, Washington correspondents give the Secretary of the Treasury a high rating for flexibility and efficiency in taking over his new duties. If he will pardon us for mentioning it, in his first major address Secretary Humphrey even sounded a little like the Franklin Delano Roosevelt of 1933, when the newly-elected FDR was assuring the nation it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

"There is no reason to fear peace," Mr. Humphrey said. "We are not headed for depression. . . ."

At this point, however, most of Mr. Humphrey's resemblance to FDR stopped. It is true enough that this country does not have to suffer a depression in the event that peace breaks out. But, as FDR found out, wishing won't make it so.

Part of Mr. Humphrey's address was devoted to a blistering indictment of the "unhealthy policies" of the last twenty years. Lest his enthusiasm run away with him, it seems only fair to remind him that the country twenty years ago was deep in the worst depression in its history. He is quite correct in saying that twenty years ago the value of the dollar was higher; what most people are likely to remember, however, is how hard it was to earn one.

But Mr. Humphrey is, after all, a Republican, and if only the plans of the present Administration for coping with future economic crises were more clear, this portion of his recent address could be written off without much trouble. Unhappily, it is not easy to determine just what plans the Administration does have in this area, and what has already been done is not reassuring.

NEXT WEEK

FRANCOIS MAURIAC looks back on the work of his lifetime and talks of what is different, and what is the same in his novels. "Each of my novels," he says, "was born out of the miscarriage of the others."

"The book which I am forever rewriting, that wave which is always the same one as it rises endlessly out of my inner ocean, inevitably strikes and breaks against the selfsame reef: love. . . . *The Desert of Love* might well serve as the title for my entire work. All of it illustrates what philosophers today call 'the problem of the other one,' the passionate desire to possess the other one, not as a passive object and as someone 'I look at,' but as subject, as an inaccessible being who 'looks at me.' To possess the body of another is to embrace a corpse."

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One of Mr. Humphrey's first acts in office was to raise the government interest rate. To a large extent this was intended as an anti-inflationary measure, and it may have been necessary. However, the move was a source of considerable benefit to bankers and will result in hardship for those who wish to finance, say, the purchase of a home. At the same time, the Administration is making no effort to get stand-by price controls in case of another sudden emergency like Korea.

A revision of the tax structure "to encourage initiative" is reported to be in the making. Simultaneously, funds for the Council of Economic Advisers, the function of which is to advise the President on economic trends, have been taken away. Appointments to various governmental commissions and boards which are supposed to protect the general public are being made with an eye to "creating a climate more favorable to business;" vacancies on some of these boards are already being filled by men who for many years fought the legislation they are now supposed to enforce.

All in all, it is difficult so far to determine in just what way the economic policies of this Administration differ from those of its pre-depression predecessors. If long-range economic planning is taking place—aside from the general conviction that "what helps business helps the U. S."—it is not yet obvious. Last November the people voted for Dwight D. Eisenhower by a big majority. It is not at all clear that they voted for a return to pre-depression economics.

INDOCHINA

THE Plaine des Jarres is a grassy plain in central Laos, where the primitive peoples of Indochina once appeased their gods by offering stone jars of the ashes of their dead. Laos is a slender kingdom between its sister states of Cambodia and Viet Nam, and the independent kingdom of Thailand. Like Cambodia and Viet Nam, Laos is a member of the French Union. Like Viet Nam, it is now invaded by an "army of liberation."

This army of liberation consists of some four divisions of Viet Minh troops supplied by Communist China.

The French had their own troops busy in Tonkin and South Viet Nam, but concentrated the force they could muster on the Plaine des Jarres, where terrain favors armor and mobility, in the excessively optimistic hope that the Viet Minh would fight them there. The Viet Minh has gone around them.

But the dark military situation is of secondary importance. Viet Minh supply lines are spidery and vulnerable, the Laos population is indifferent to the invaders and may turn hostile, and the French may be expected to counterattack.

But this spectacular and sudden Communist blow has shaken all Southeast Asia. If the Viet Minh takes the political and administrative capitals of Laos, Luang Prabang and Vientiane, French military power will be discredited in many Asian eyes. And the most sinister fact is the formation in China's Yunnan Province of an independent Thai people's administration, accompanied by propaganda noise about a new "Greater Thai People's Area," presumably to include the kindred people of Thailand, Laos and North Burma.

If the Communists slice through Laos to Thailand, they can either invade, or more likely incite a "popular" rebellion against the Thai government, and pose a similar threat to Burma. The plan is quite obvious, and quite likely to succeed.

Since the beginning of the miserable war in Indochina, the French have been unwilling to sacrifice anything, and consequently are in grave danger of losing everything. The amount of sovereignty they have granted the three Associated States of Indochina has been slight and ungracefully given.

The King of Cambodia was in New York recently and capitalized on the occasion by saying that should the Viet Minh invade his country he could offer no promises that his people, sick of French rule, would not go over to the Communists. When Laos was invaded, the government tried to take its case to the UN. The embarrassed French government quashed the attempt. The French have been more successful in gaining popular support in Viet Nam, perhaps because the Viet Namese have had a taste of Communist liberation.

But no fundamental solution will come out of the halt compromises of present French-Indochinese relationships. The Indochinese are determined to have viable democracy, and the French are never going to win popular support until the Indochinese have it.

The immediate problem is to stop the Viet Minh. New American aid may help. The Americans are also to supply some of their practical wisdom in the matter of training Indochinese native troops—heretofore a rather unsuccessful undertaking. These things may meet the emergency.

But the greater problem is one in which all the free nations have profound interest. The greater solution is only going to be real sovereignty within the French Union for Indochina's three states, with a possible UN command under French responsibility to take the curse of imperialism off this war. And whatever the political solution, France will see many more of its men join the ashes of Jarres, and even then the gods may not be appeased.

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DEMOCRATIZING

MR. Paul Blanshard in his letter to The Commonweal [*April 10*] asks the editors why we, who "have won a deservedly high reputation for liberality and courage in the discussion of economic and racial issues," are "silent about the undemocratic features of our own Church." He invites us to join him in "democratizing" the Church.

Democracy is a system of political government which is run, at least indirectly, by the people who live under it. In this sense of the word, the Church is clearly not a democratic society. It is an authoritarian, hierarchical religious society. To Catholics—even to Catholics who believe firmly in political democracy—this is as it should be.

The whole concept of the priesthood, for instance, is essential to the Catholic view of Christianity, though a similar concept translated to the political order would be thoroughly unacceptable to the vast majority of American Catholics. Catholics believe that a certain spiritual authority goes with the priesthood; greater authority goes with the office of bishop, and supreme religious authority is invested in the Pope. They believe that the Church is a divine as well as human institution and that on matters of faith and morals it speaks with God-given infallibility. They believe all this not as Americans or as believers in democracy but as Christians. While political orthodoxies have come and gone, Catholics have held to these religious ideas through the ages. And they are not likely to drop their belief now because Mr. Blanshard has pointed out that the Church is "undemocratic."

As long as Catholics believe as they do, they will freely accept certain ecclesiastical "policies"—such as the regulations on marriage and censorship—which as Americans they would never accept from the state. And, it might be added, they will not willingly accept any other religious beliefs which are imposed upon them as the price of "democratization."

Our government is a democracy in structure, and, furthermore, it is dedicated to those political freedoms we are accustomed to describe as "democratic." Mostly these freedoms guaranteed to the citizen are immunities from state interference rather than positive moral rights. There is no claim on the part of the state, for instance, that a man is morally entitled to lie, though he is often free to do so without fear of the police.

It seems to me that the extent of our freedom is almost directly measured by the number of areas where the state has declared its incompetence—and outstanding among these is the area of religion. In our democracy the state does not even pretend to the competence which Catholics believe their Church has—to define theological truth, to interpret the divine law authoritatively and to determine the religious significance of marriage for instance. As Americans we are completely free as far as the state goes to believe what we choose about such questions and to submit ourselves to such religious discipline as we deem meet and just. By the same token, as Americans, we are bound not to challenge any religious claim on political grounds.

If there is a "democratic" issue in this question, then, it would seem to lie in resisting attempts to apply political judgments to religious concepts and behavior. In other words, I think that if any undertaking in our democracy is suspect, it is the effort of those who put forth the thesis that one religious belief is more "democratic"—or politically orthodox—than another. On such matters and on the religious discipline which Americans accept for themselves, the state remains properly and magnificently aloof. Over a hundred years ago the Supreme Court declared that "the law knows no heresy and is committed to the support of no dogma."

Mr. Blanshard, it seems to me, would introduce some dogma of democracy by which the religious claims and discipline of churches—or at least of the Catholic Church—would be deemed political, if not religious, heresy. I do not fear for the Church if such a "democratic" doctrine caught on (the Church has faced this kind of statism often enough in her history), but I do fear for the future of American democracy.

In short, I think Mr. Blanshard and his followers would elevate American democracy to the status of a full-blown ideology, by which even religious beliefs and practices are tested. Paradoxically enough, even democracy can be totalitarianized—and "democratizing" the Churches seems to me to be a frightening first step along that road.

If my understanding of democracy be not lacking, it seems that to ask American Catholics to revise fundamental religious beliefs and to abandon their understanding of the Church, in order to conform to a "democratizing" program, is the sheerest impertinence. Hannah Arendt writing in these pages a few weeks ago summed up my belief about American democracy forcefully: "The aim to make of democracy a 'cause' in the strict ideological sense," she pointed out, "contradicts the rules and laws by which we [Americans] live and let live . . . If you try to make America more American or a model of democracy according to some preconceived pattern, you can only destroy it."

The genius of America is that the government makes no pretension of doing the Church's work, or the Church of doing the government's work. It seems to me that by applying a political, an ideological test to the Church ("democratizing") Mr. Blanshard, perhaps in the greatest innocence, actually threatens one of our dearest heritages.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Finaly Case

THE CATHOLIC AND JEWISH COMMUNITIES IN FRANCE ARE DIVIDED OVER THE FATE OF TWO WAR ORPHANS.

ROBERT BARRAT

THERE is talk in France of a new anti-clericalism of Jewish origin, and in turn of anti-Semitism on the part of Christians, despite all that the members of those two groups have done for each other in recent years. Yet I myself have had some difficulty in taking the Finaly case as seriously as the French newspapers—which have been devoting a good quarter of their front page space to the subject for the past two months. It is indeed a most unfortunate affair, but headline-seeking journalists and politicians have inflated it far beyond its intrinsic importance. To what extent does the "removal for safe-keeping" of two orphan boys—while awaiting the decision of the highest French court—call for a great mobilization of opinion and the recent bursts of verbal violence?

Here is a brief summary of the facts. In February 1944 the Gestapo arrested Dr. Finaly and his wife, an Austrian Jewish couple who had taken refuge in France after the *Anschluss*. They entrusted their sons, Robert and Gerard, then three and two years of age, to a woman who was unable to keep them; she in turn entrusted them to Mademoiselle Brun, directress of a municipal nursery. The directress accepted the children as she had accepted many others, took care of them, hid them until the Liberation and, when it became known that their parents were never to return from the death camps, brought them up.

The Finaly relatives were scattered to the four winds—England, Palestine, New Zealand, Austria. Mlle. Brun declared that she wrote to the five relatives whose addresses she was able to learn in order to assure them that the boys were in good health. Dr. Finaly's sister, Mme. Fischel, wrote at the time (February 1945) to the mayor of Tronche and expressed a desire to have them come to New Zealand. She then asked Mlle. Brun to make the necessary arrangements to permit them to set out for that country from Dover, England. Mlle. Brun replied that she had neither the time nor the means for arranging that voyage, which seemed inadvisable anyway from the viewpoint of the children's health.

Other relatives appeared. Another sister stopped off at Grenoble, spent a day with the children, thanked Mlle. Brun and asked her to keep them. In November 1948, anxious to comply with the law, Mlle. Brun got in touch with a Jewish citizen of Grenoble to bring together a family council for the purpose of naming her the boys' guardian. It was then learned that Dr. Finaly, who had had the children circumcised, had told the friend who gave him and his family refuge that he wished the boys to become French (he actually obtained that nationality for Robert) and wanted them to remain in France. Not a practicing member of the Jewish faith, Dr. Finaly had his sons circumcised as a racial rather than a religious act.

It was at this time that Mlle. Brun, who had become very fond of the two children and hoped that she could adopt them, made what could be called her first mistake. Yet it was an act which many would excuse: she had the boys baptized. The godmother was a Jewish woman who had recently been converted to Catholicism.

A few months later a Grenoble Zionist, M. Keller, presented himself with papers duly drawn up and signed by Madame Rossner, another aunt, who had married at Gedera, Israel, demanding that the boys be sent to her out there.

Three family councils took place. The first confirmed Mlle. Brun's guardianship. The second, July 1949, resulted in the demand that she send the boys to their aunt, Mme. Rossner. Mlle. Brun had this decision annulled by the court of appeals. A third council

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Mr. Barrat, who serves as Paris correspondent for The Commonweal, is secretary of the Catholic Center of French Intellectuals.

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named Mme. Rossner guardian. But a decision of the civil court, on November 15, 1951, annulled this action of the family council—in accordance with a 1945 ordinance on refugees, which held that provisional guardianship could not be terminated unless the parents returned or their deaths were verified.

The Grenoble court of appeals then held that the claims of the boys' relatives were equivalent to their parents' return and overruled the decision of the lower court. Thus in August, 1952, the family council's decision of two years earlier was confirmed. Mlle. Brun then appealed to the *Cour de Cassation,* the highest court in the land, which was so burdened with cases that it would not be able to render a decision for many months, if not for several years. In the meantime the Grenoble court decree was in force and Mlle. Brun was duty-bound to return the children to their relatives.

HERE the real drama begins. In the belief that the highest court would sustain her, and fearing that if the children were sent to Palestine they would never return, Mlle. Brun refused to give them up. Instead she entrusted them to the nuns of Our Lady of Sion and then declared that she did not know where they were—which was true.

Thus a civil case became a criminal matter. The Finaly family retained one of the most able lawyers in all France, M. Maurice Garçon of the French Academy. He had Mlle. Brun accused of kidnaping and she was arrested. Meanwhile the nuns had brought the boys to Bayonne, where they were discovered in a convent. They were left there—but twenty-four hours after their discovery the children disappeared. After an investigation of several weeks it was found that they had passed from one Basque priest to another and thence over into Spain. Since then it has not been possible to get the children back.

A number of arrests ensued: the mother superior of the convent of Our Lady of Sion at Grenoble, the woman who brought the children from Marseille to Bayonne, and two abbés and three laymen in the Basque country (who brought the children across the Pyrenees). They were all thrown into jail. Public feeling ran higher. The Catholics were charged with evading the law. The appeals of the Bishop of Grenoble and the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyon that the children be returned went unheeded. In Jewish circles the Catholic hierarchy was accused of complicity and the Jewish Alliance addressed an appeal to the Pope.

For their part French Catholics charged Jewish spokesmen with ingratitude, accused Zionists and freemasons of magnifying the affair with a view to the coming local elections. Basque deputies gave vent to fiery declarations to arouse the smoldering aspirations toward autonomy in that region.

But the general public has not been stirred to its depths, as it was by the Dreyfus case. With Mlle. Brun the situation was much more banal. Here was an elderly spinster of a charitable bent who was sincerely taken with the two children whom she had twice saved from death—by concealing them from the Germans who were after them and by nurturing them back to good health. She cared for them for nine years. The children's affection for her deepened.

If she had been asked to give the boys back right after the Liberation, there is little doubt that she would have done so—as she gave back the nine others she had saved. But a family council had named her legal guardian; little by little she grew used to the idea that they would not leave her, but would grow up at her side.

The least one can say about the actions of the Finaly relatives is that they were tactless and inept. It is easy to understand how a woman who has watched two such boys grow up and personally paid for their education should balk when suddenly asked to give them up. She would have every right to. For there was no way of telling about the environment in which they would be placed or what ideals would be set before them. When she did learn of their destination, it was Israel. Mlle. Brun is a fervent Christian. She had had the children baptized at a moment when she believed she was going to keep them. Why then would she not use every legal means to defend what she believed to be her rights?

It must also be borne in mind that for four years she had acted in flagrant violation of the law—taking the biggest chances in thwarting the German occupying authorities and organizing a network of refuges for private families in the valley of Grenoble. That adventurous past makes it easier to understand—if not to excuse—her illegal act of turning over the two boys to the nuns of Our Lady of Sion. It was wrong, but how many in her place would not have done likewise?

By their father's wish, the boys were French and they had no desire to leave France to go and live in Palestine. Jewish circles claimed that the children were under pressure; but on many occasions, and before the judge, Robert and Gerard declared that they did not wish to be separated from their *"maman."*

AS the controversy developed, it looked as if the Jewish community were reproaching the entire Catholic Church of having seized two defenseless little boys in order to baptize them and later "make them priests." There was, of course, never any question of "making them priests." They were to be left wholly free to adopt the calling of their own choice. Robert, for example, in accordance with his father's wishes, wanted to go to medical school.

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And it was not the Church as such that had snatched the children from the temporal power of the state but certain private individuals acting contrary to the ecclesiastical authorities. Some extremists might object: "Don't you know that Canon Law holds that baptized children belong to the Church and that therefore the appeals of your bishops that the children be brought back are a farce?" But no two cases are alike, and theologians teach us to distinguish between the ideal and the possible.

During the war thousands of Jewish children received baptism to protect them against deportation and death, in the majority of cases at the request of their parents. The Church provided that they could not be baptized unless there were sufficient guarantees that the children's home environment would assure them a truly Christian education. After the war the Vatican returned to the Jewish community a number of Jewish children baptized under such conditions and for whom the guarantees indicated above were not sufficient. There is nothing to indicate that private negotiations carried on discreetly, and with the real interests of the children in view, would not have resulted in a somewhat similar arrangement.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA II

A Protestant Looks at Catholics

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

(As a preliminary to its series, "Catholicism in America," The Commonweal has asked two non-Catholics to state their opinions. In the present article Dr. Niebuhr, of Union Theological Seminary, presents a Protestant's view. "A Jew Looks at Catholics," by Will Herberg, will be published in the May 22 issue.)

THE EDITORS.

THOUGH the Catholic may find the practice dubious, every discussion of the Catholic Church, at least in America, is bound to begin with the issue of the relation of the Church to a "free society." Such a discussion almost always contains more or less prejudiced views of the resources and defects of the Catholic Church for the achievement and preservation of "democracy." The Catholic may find this American habit dubious because it probably involves an idolatrous estimate of democracy, which lifts a democratic society into the position of an ultimate criterion of value and truth.

Although I share these misgivings, I shall start this non-Catholic estimate of American Catholicism in the same way, first because I regard the preservation of a free society as important, and secondly because all the judgments about the Church by outsiders have, as a matter of fact, this implied or explicit yardstick.

A sympathetic critic of the Church would be bound to begin with this theme, if for no other reason than because he is bound to dispel misconceptions general among his fellow-Americans about the relation of the Church to democracy. The Church is thought to be anti-democratic, partly because it is authoritarian, and partly because its religious unity appears, at least from the perspective of the multicolored Protestant and secular life, to be politically monolithic.

Partly the misconception rests on stereotypes which identify Catholicism with the political structure of Spain, let us say, rather than with France or the German Rhineland. I must admit that these misconceptions have the one grain of truth that they prove that forces other than those in the Church operated to transmute medieval social structures into modern ones. But they are misconceptions nevertheless because they underestimate the resources of Catholicism for preserving justice and stability in a free society, once established. They are misconceptions because they do not do justice to the role of Catholicism in the free societies in America, France, Germany, and Western Europe. They do not realize, for instance, what a contribution the Catholic conception of the superiority of political authority over the economic process made in avoiding the aberrations of both doctrinaire "free enterprise" economics and contrasting Marxist aberrations. Nor do these criticisms take account of the practical effects of the Church's ability to qualify the class antagonisms in an industrial society by holding the loyalty of the industrial classes and allowing their viewpoints to color the political positions of Catholic political parties. It was this achievement, together with a Christian check on extreme nationalism, which gave Catholicism such a stabilizing influence in an otherwise unstable Weimar Republic, and which determines the creative force of

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the Catholic parties in modern France and Western Germany.

I say this, though I am grateful that Anglo-Saxon democracy has avoided religious parties, and grateful that Catholic viewpoints have expressed themselves in American life in the voices of such men as the late Philip Murray and the present Secretary of Labor, without the organization of a Catholic party. I believe, in short, that American non-Catholics do not appreciate the tremendous difference between the Church in an unreconstructed medieval social setting and the Church finding a creative place in the moral and political reconstruction of a modern industrial society.

An appreciation of this creative role does not eliminate some of the difficulties which even a friendly critic must experience with the role of the Church in modern society. The Catholic belief that error does not have the same right as the truth, and its consequent impatience with those democratic practices which seem to arbitrate matters of truth and value by counting noses, is a point of friction between the Church and a democratic society. It can be partly resolved if a distinction is made between matters of truth and morals and between matters of detailed application and the technical details involved in the application of moral principles.

I frankly cannot find, in some modern Catholic theory, an adequate consideration of Aquinas' warning that matters of application become increasingly hazardous the further they are removed from principle and involved in adjustment to historical contingency. In this, modern Catholic theory seems to me comparable to modern social science, which does not heed Aristotle's warning that a field of inquiry embodying the historically contingent is not a proper realm for NOUS but rather for PHRONESIS or "practical wisdom."

BEYOND these possible misunderstandings between Catholicism and the ethos of a democracy, there remains the profound difference that democracy, while not determining the truth by the count of noses, is of course relativist in the sense that it would take a chance with error rather than give anyone the absolute authority to define the truth. I think this tension could be overcome if it were understood that no democratic political authority can challenge the authority of the Church to define the ultimate truth in its sphere while it was also understood that the state, that is the democratic state, was at least provisionally relativist in not permitting any definition of the truth to infringe upon the "rule of the majority."

Some of us are frankly a little puzzled to know why it was thought necessary, in such books as Ryan and Boland's *Catholic Principles of Politics,* to disavow the early position expounded by the late Cardinal Gibbons and the late Archbishop Ireland, which came to terms with our practical democratic presuppositions, and to insist instead that it was the duty of the state to teach not only religion but the "true religion." This position seems to threaten our nation with the prospects of an established religion, though the fears of non-Catholics are probably unrealistic in view of the qualifications in the Catholic theory.

Some of us hope that the theory will gain ground in the Catholic Church that the state is responsible for the general welfare but not for the salvation of souls. We don't know how respectable or orthodox it is, though it has good parentage. It would eliminate a point of friction between the Church and the traditions of our nation without sacrificing any important claims of the Church.

NEXT to the problem of the relation of the Church to the state, the problem of the relation of Catholicism to the Protestant Churches is of great moment to us. I am not anxious to apportion degrees of guilt for a deplorable situation for which the blame must probably be divided fairly evenly; but the relations between Catholics and Protestants in this country are a scandal and an offense against Christian charity.

Last year I was visited by a German Lutheran pastor from the Rhineland, here on a study tour to acquaint himself with our life. The presupposition of the visit was that the victors could instruct the vanquished in every aspect of "democratic" life, including the relations of the various religious groups. The German visitor was amazed to find the Catholic-Protestant relations were on the level of professional "love feasts" in which members of the various traditions exhorted a common audience in the values of cooperation and of mutual tolerance. But there was nowhere an honest and searching interchange of thought either on questions which have traditionally separated Catholics and Protestants or on current issues which are sore points between them in practical politics.

The German pastor contrasted this condition with the community which existed between Protestants and Catholics in the Rhineland, where he had only recently attended a joint retreat under the leadership of the Bishop of Mainz. He was naturally somewhat amused by the assumption that he could learn from American ecumenical practices, which seemed from his perspective to be "primitive." The fact is that there is very much mutual mistrust and fear between the two groups, partly derived from general causes and partly from conditions which are uniquely American.

It should be recognized on both Protestant and Catholic sides that religion can be a complicating factor in ethnic and racial rivalries. An ethnically hetero-

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geneous nation, such as our own, will therefore be impatient with religious prejudices which aggravate ordinary points of tension. The tension between Catholicism and Protestantism is largely a tension between the Irish and the Anglo-Saxons in Boston, and between earlier and later migrations in the rest of the country, or sometimes between the Nordic and the Slav or Latin. Our religious institutions can assuage, rather than aggravate, these tensions only if there is knowledge of the peculiar force of the religious factor; and commerce rather than hostility between the religious communities.

Beyond this obvious cause there are other points of friction between us. To the Protestant the Catholic Church will seem to be a political power rather than a religious community; and to the Catholic the Protestant Churches will seem to be Christianity in various states of dissolution into secularism rather than as related to Christian communities. There is no full justice in either impression, but these impressions are bound to grow in a situation of hostility. Naturally one wonders why we could not establish methods of intercourse through which Protestants might learn to appreciate the Catholic Church as a religious community with a treasure of graces of the spirit, and Catholics might know Protestant Churches as religious communities with a common treasury of faith rather than merely as rival political groups.

WHILE the blame for a deplorable condition must be assessed fairly evenly between the two sides, I feel that Catholicism has a special blame on at least one point of friction between us. This point has to do with the effort to apply the standards of Natural Law to the life of the community. There is something ironic in the fact that the concept of Natural Law is regarded by Catholics as a meeting ground for Catholics and non-Catholics, and for Christians and non-Christians, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is really a source of tension between the Catholics and non-Catholics. Marital and family standards, on questions both of divorce and birth control, are the chief points at issue.

I remember participating in one of those formal symposia between Catholics, Jews, and Protestants which pass for serious discussion in America in which the Catholic speaker blandly made the Reformation responsible for the moral relativism and nihilism which ends in "modern sexual promiscuity." It is one of the hazards of Catholic-Protestant relations (which require much more frank discussion to eliminate) that those of us who believe that rigid Natural Law concepts represent the intrusion of stoic or Aristotelian rationalism into the more dynamic ethic of Biblical religion are unqualifiedly accused of "moral relativism" or even moral nihilism: our motives in rejecting the thesis that a rigid legalism is the only cure for relativism are impugned; and we are given no credit for wrestling with the moral problems of such historical creatures as human beings who exhibit both a basic structure and endlessly unique elaborations of that structure. This in our opinion makes a rigid rational formula inapplicable while there is no situation in which the double love commandment is not applicable.

In regard to the problem of divorce, we do not, of course, challenge the right of the Church to preserve the Scriptural standard of the indissolubility of marriage in its community. But we believe it unwise to enforce this standard upon a semi-pagan or semi-secular community by law, when as a matter of fact the preservation of marriage requires real grace and not merely the force of law. We believe that the secular state must do what Moses did "because of the hardness of your hearts," and we do not find the marital records of nations which prohibit divorce rigorously too impressive. They contain too many instances of clandestine arrangements outside of marriage.

The prohibition of birth control becomes a problem among us when Bishops threaten long-established "Community Chest" forms of communal cooperation because one of the charities included in the Chest may happen to harbor a birth-control clinic. The prohibition of contraception is regarded by some of us as an illustration of the fact that the Christian abhorrence of naturalism does not prevent "Natural Law" theories in this instance from sinking to a naturalistic dimension. Nothing is more obvious than the assertion that "nature" intends the end of procreation in sexual relations; but we believe also that the freedom of the human person rises indeterminately above the primary ends of nature. We believe that the temptation to abuse the new freedom which contraception makes possible is in no different category than the temptations and abuses in the whole of modern technical civilization.

THE problem of religious education in our nation is a potent source of friction and misunderstanding between the Church on the one hand and Protestantism and the general community on the other. Catholics may well be aggrieved to find Protestants and secularists making common cause on this issue and doing so upon the basis of a rigorous interpretation of the historic principle of the separation of church and state which allegedly prohibits even the granting of auxiliary services such as luncheons and bus rides to Catholic children.

Catholics know, and others ought to know, that this conception of an "absolute wall of separation" is not a *sine qua non* of democracy as their opponents claim, because some very healthy democracies in Europe do not observe a principle which our American

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"liberals" profess to regard as the cornerstone of democracy. Catholics have accepted the situation which forces them to pay double for their children's education with fairly good grace, knowing that whatever may be the traditions in other nations, the "secular" universal public school is a unique American institution which cannot be successfully challenged, not only because hallowed national traditions have a special potency but because the religious pluralism of our nation would make any other solution impossible. They are naturally baffled, and sometimes alarmed, when a nation which extols freedom endlessly seems to envisage the possibility of coercing attendance at the public school in the interest of national unity.

While causes of friction on this issue would seem to lie primarily on the Protestant side, and the Catholics rightly feel the force of a secularist-Protestant alliance against them, they probably do not appreciate the fact that their criticism of the secular character of the secular school is resented, particularly in view of the fact that they could not, in the light of their own principles, support a general religious instruction in the public schools. This resentment is hardly justified, however, since there could not be religious instruction in the public schools even without this complication.

Some of us who would like to see the state grant auxiliary services to Catholic children feel that the failure of Catholics to assure the nation that such a grant would not mean the opening wedge for further claims upon the state for support of parochial schools, has a tendency to stiffen opposition to policies which seem to Catholics to represent simple justice. But our expectation of such promises are probably unreasonable, and indeed the promises might prove ineffective in dissipating Protestant opposition to such measures.

I MUST apologize for considering the problem of Catholic-Protestant relations in this article rather than the exact theme which the editor assigned to me. This was done because of a pressing personal concern about the absence of any genuine community between us, and the conviction that the inevitable frictions between religious groups and Churches will breed mistrust, fear, and even hatred if there is no effort to eliminate misunderstandings.

We owe it to our common Lord to heal the breach between us and to eliminate the scandal of our enmities, which threaten the common decencies and the good order of our country. We would be well advised to remember that the secularism which we pretend to abhor has at least one resource necessary for the health of a democratic community. It knows how to make pragmatic compromises in order to achieve harmony between seemingly incompatible positions, and Christian charity would accomplish the same end if Christians were humble enough to achieve the necessary charity.

A Man From India

I CALLED the buyer on the phone. I was glad Paul couldn't hear what he said. "Too many people have been cheated too often by these Indians. They wouldn't believe either him or you. Nobody would believe that the product would measure up to the samples. The Church may be behind it, but they still wouldn't believe him. I tell you, the man is butting his head against a stone wall. There are at least four-million salesmen traveling around this country trying to sell these products. It's hopeless."

I hung up and turned to Paul, trying to translate the hard-boiled cynicism of the buyer into something more gentle, but still realistic. Fortunately, it seemed impossible to discourage Paul.

His name was Paul Varky Karipurathu, but to make it easier for everybody he turned it around and called himself K. V. Paul. He arrived at the house one night from southern India by way of Saint Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, bearing a cheap suitcase, a carboard box tied with string, and a small cloth handbag.

His whole appearance and manner were the exact opposite of the American salesman type. Eventually I had to straighten his tie myself. I had to drag information out of him. He was painfully shy. He had the hand-carved ivory rosary and the statues lying every which way in an old box. ("Look, Paul," I said, "you've got to learn something about salesmanship. Wrap them in tissue paper and get a decent box. In this country they have a saying, 'Don't sell the steak, sell the sizzle.' ") But in the end you could not resist his faith and the terrible need of his people.

He came from Travancore-Cochin, a small province by Indian standards with ten million people, of whom two and a half million are Catholics. Many of these call themselves "Saint Thomas Christians," descendants of the first converts of Saint Thomas the Apostle. Paul was a Saint Thomas Christian. It is the most Catholic part of India.

For the last seven years Paul, who is now thirty, has been working with a movement called the Institutes of Saint Joseph, which is run by native priests under the patronage of the Bishop of Malabar. The founder of the Institutes is an energetic priest called Father Varghese Chathaparampil. The days are obviously not

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long enough for Father Chathaparampil. He has set up a printing plant to produce "Cheap Literary Catholic Publications," one of which is a paper entitled *Labour*. He has a speakers' bureau going. He is starting a retreat house to prepare young men and women for marriage. He has organized a cooperative mill to manufacture cocoa fiber products (door mats and carpets) and he is trying to market religious articles, hand-carved in ivory, by skilled but impoverished craftsmen of the region.

Paul put it very simply. "The people are starving. In Travancore the big industry is cocoa fiber. We call it coir. In this industry there are usually one-million workers employed. At present seven-hundred-fifty thousand are unemployed. This is because the English have had to cut their imports. Now we are trying to find American markets to take their place.

"Our mill could employ one thousand workers. The most we have ever had employed there is four hundred. Now we are down to one hundred. A dozen more work on the ivory products."

THE mill, which goes under the name of Bosco Coir Manufacturing Company, after Saint John Bosco, is an interesting experiment in applied Catholic teaching. The workers belong to the anti-Communist union, the INTUC. Their local union president sits on the company's board of directors. All of them have been given shares of stock in the enterprise, so that eventually it is expected that fifty per cent of the stock will belong to the workers. All profits will be shared with the workers. "Up to now," Paul said with a wry smile, "there haven't been any profits."

So we tried to find him some markets around Boston.

"We haven't carried cocoa fiber matting for several years. . . . Hmmm, the price is competitive and it's a nice-looking product, but there's another outfit around that's quoting nineteen cents a square foot. . . . That's a pretty good rosary for a dollar-fifty, but we'd have to mark it up one hundred per cent and we can't sell high-priced stuff like that except at Christmas-time. You might try us again later in the summer. . . . The crucifix is a possibility, but then put the banner (INRI) on it. . . . No, we don't handle cocoa fiber carpets. The Europeans seem to go for that stuff more than the American women. The door mats are okay, but we buy all ours through a New York importer."

One man talked to us for over an hour. He made door mats himself, with imported Indian fiber, and you could see he was impressed by Paul's samples. He was a Catholic and he wanted to do something, but the season was over and he couldn't see making an order before summer. I didn't help by revealing that I was a CIO official. It seems the CIO had struck his plant a few years back and he hated unions with a deep, abiding hatred.

PAUL went on to New York for a few days before returning to Antigonish to study cooperatives. He wrote me: "I have been partially successful and actually received a few trial orders. . . . I have visited almost all the traders in the [coir] line and it is really hard to break an established relationship they have with many other companies. Well, Saint Joseph will work everything well."

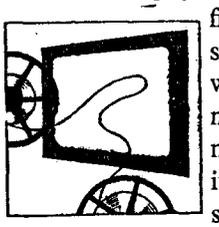
God grant Saint Joseph will. Meanwhile, if *you* know anybody who could use some door mats, matting, or hand-carved ivory articles please write K. V. Paul, Saint Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada. Individual orders for ivory goods will be welcomed, but orders for mats and matting must be wholesale.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

A MAN MUST STAND UP

LIKE Longfellow's little girl with the curl, when a western is good, it can be very, very good. "Shane" is a good western, not only because it has all the physical elements of the better outdoor films: a lot of strong men who can shoot, ride and fight well, pretty girls who know how to please a man and make a home, and some perfectly magnificent scenery; but also because it has something to say: a man must stand up and fight for what he believes in.



Producer-director George Stevens has taken this theme (which has been worn to triteness by many a mediocre movie) and restated it with freshness and a curious mixture of earthiness and mysticism. He is considerably aided by a good script (by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.) and by an outstanding cast for whose fine performances Stevens is no doubt responsible.

Alan Ladd gives the best portrayal of his career as Shane, the handsome stranger who mysteriously rides out of nowhere at just the right time to help the Starrett family and other homesteaders in their fight for justice against the cattlemen. Van Heflin is convincing as Starrett, the stolid farmer who is determined to stay in Wyoming to farm his land and to raise his family, and as his wife, Jean Arthur gives a curiously subdued performance, unglamorous, devoted to her husband, yet attracted to Shane. But the success of the whole picture depends on the excellent

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performance turned in by Brandon De Wilde in the role of the Starrett's nine-year-old son, because Shane himself and most of the events in the moving tale are seen through the youthful eyes of this idealistic and imaginative boy.

THERE are several other new outdoor films on our screens now, but nothing as impressive as "Shane." "Law and Order" uses the old plot gimmick about a marshal (Ronald Reagan) who has brought peace and quiet to Tombstone and then moves on to another locale after resigning his office because his girl (Dorothy Malone) won't marry a fighting man. The town near his new ranch turns out to be a "sinkhole of vice and evil" and after his brother (Alec Nicol) is killed by the villains, our straight-shooting, hard-fighting Reagan has to take badge and gun again. All this is done in Technicolor.

IN its way, "The Desert Rats" is also an outdoor drama—with a North African locale and a semi-documentary war story. Perhaps it is Twentieth Century-Fox's answer to the protests that were made to this studio when it tipped its hat somewhat respectfully to Rommel in "The Desert Fox." James Mason again plays the famous German field marshal who gave the Allies cause for worry in his drive toward the Suez in 1941, but this time he is the villain of the piece. And the heroes are the British and Australians who put up such a magnificent fight at Tobruk.

Director Robert Wise manages to create tremendous suspense in his desert scenes, and he is helped by Richard Murphy's script and the large male cast who act out this historic drama. The personal conflict centers on a young English captain, excellently played by Richard Burton, who drives his men relentlessly and wins their antagonism and respect. Even though many of the scenes are photographed in the dark, and one is not always sure who is going where, "The Desert Rats" is definitely a superior war film. The British will love it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

AN APPEAL

Sister Mary Ann of Jesus, Instituto S. Teresina, 2 Via Innocenzo X, S. Pancrazia, Rome, Italy, writes of her Carmelite community's urgent need of funds. These Sisters conduct an orphanage in one of the poorest quarters of the city. Their ancient convent and chapel recently had to be torn down because of damage sustained during the war, and now the nuns are homeless. A sum far beyond the community's meager resources is required to build the new convent and chapel dedicated to Saint Thérèse of Lisieux.

BOOKS

The Voice Of Tito

EVELYN WAUGH

PRESIDENT Tito's apologia [*Tito.* Vladimir Dedijer. Simon & Schuster. $5.] is not designed to placate. It is conceived in a mood of deep self-satisfaction and defiance. Tito has got out of a number of scrapes, he is surrounded by hero-worshipers, and he believes he is now sufficiently secure in a position which few cool observers envy him, to issue a pronouncement to the world.

It is to be hoped that his Tory admirers will read this book patiently. Unhappily considerable patience is required. Inevitably it abounds in technical terms of Communist philosophy and organization which make it hard going for the lay reader. The writing is devoid of literary distinction. (No translator's name is given.) The construction is uncouth. Tito begins the task himself but wearies after ninety-one pages (this "Worker," as is shown in the text, regarded every job as an invitation to down tools) and hands it over to Mr. Dedijer, an intimate, to finish. Mr. Dedijer also employs the first person singular, at the same time incorporating large extracts from Tito's draft preserving the original "I." It is therefore not a book to dip into. Far too much of the ample space is given to Tito's public statements, far too little to the narrative of his personal adventures. All this is regrettable because at the core of the work there lies an exciting and significant story.

TITO was brought up in the "bad home" of the typical delinquent. His father drank, brothers and sisters sickened and died, his uncle stole his boots. Later he worked as a locksmith, acquired some skill in general metalwork and drifted about Europe fomenting ill-feeling against his various employers. After an inglorious army career in the first World War (he was saved from court martial only by perjury) he was wounded in the back and taken for the first time to Russia as a prisoner of war. He returned home to the newly created Kingdom of Yugoslavia, resumed his vocation of agitator and in 1923 joined the Communist Party.

From then until 1941 Tito's life followed the course that has lately become familiar from countless popular narratives. He moved all over Europe with forged

Mr. Waugh, whose most recent novel is "Men at Arms," served in Yugoslavia during the war as a member of the British Military Mission.

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papers and under aliases so numerous that on one occasion he found himself unable to remember the name on the particular passport he was carrying. He did time in prison and waxes naively indignant about the "Terror" of the royal regime. Since assassination has always been a feature of Balkan public life and was successfully employed by his comrades on more than one occasion, and since he admits that one of his tasks was to prepare for an uprising with secret stores of arms, one is amazed at the leniency of his treatment.

THE Yugoslav police were vigilant and (in comparison with the courts) cruel and by 1938 the Party was almost extinct. Its controlling members lived in Vienna and Moscow. Tito had two important achievements at this period. He successfully sent fifteen hundred compatriots underground to the International Brigade. Of these three hundred survived to join him in Yugoslavia and to play a decisive part in his war effort. Of the second achievement he is more reticent. The head of the Yugoslav Party at this time was an emigré named Gorkic, who was put over his head, much to his chagrin, by the authorities in Moscow. Tito obediently submitted although, he now states, he then believed him to be a police informer. In 1937 Gorkic was suddenly arrested in Moscow (and presumably murdered) on the usual charges of treachery. Who denounced him? Tito stepped into his shoes and returned home to purge and reorganize what was left of the Party. He boldly carried out the policy he had advocated: that the head of the Party must stay on the spot. By 1941 he had re-established a number of cells in various parts of the country.

From April 1941 when the Germans invaded until July 1943 when Mr. Deakin, a most gallant English soldier, dropped in to establish the British Military Mission, Yugoslav history remains dark.

Mr. Deakin found in existence a Resistance Movement which could without absurdity be called an army. This force began its activity in June 1941 when Russia was attacked. Tito ingenuously asks his readers to believe that the coincidence was fortuitous. On the day when, in a phrase which Mr. Churchill would now perhaps like to forget, "Yugoslavia found her soul," Tito was absent. The army Mr. Deakin found was scattered physically but under unified Communist control. It comprised four elements: the veterans from Spain everywhere in key positions; the very young who had left their classrooms and for two years lived in conditions of savagery; a large number of non-political patriots who had enrolled in the nearest organization that offered resistance to the invaders; and conscripts from the "liberated" areas. Of these, those who were not caught and shot deserting quickly caught the enthusiasm of their fellows. The losses of this force, largely from privation and disease, had been great. Those who survived were united in a formidable *esprit de corps*.

What happened in those two years? We shall never know. Those who could have told us are dead. Tito had two aims: to cause as much annoyance as possible to the invaders in order to relieve the pressure on Russia and exterminate the two sections of his countrymen, Croat separatists and Serbian royalists, who envisaged a different regime from his in the event of victory. Loyalty to Russia was the overriding emotion. The young partisans, as he describes, died with the name of Stalin on their lips.

SINCE British troops have been in conflict with guerrillas in Malaya we are disposed to take a less romantic view than formerly of his type of warfare. Tito speaks of "offensives," and of "brigades" and "divisions" breaking through. We must rather think of periodic punitive "sweeps" in a terrain well suited to the escape of small unencumbered bands; of a country brutally plundered and victimized by all sides; of betrayals and reprisals and devastation on an appalling scale. The people who survived the anarchy were in no position to pick and choose among their rulers; anything for a stable rule.

The book under review tells very little of the unhappy history of the British Military Mission. The best comment is Himmler's, like calling to like across embattled Europe: "I wish we had a dozen Titos in Germany," he said in September 1944. "The man had nothing, nothing at all. He was between the Russians, the British and the Americans, and had the nerve actually to fool and humiliate the British and Americans in the most comical way."

Party ideologues are now disputing the question: "Who liberated Yugoslavia?" Russians and partisans claim exclusive honors. There was good reason for Allied ineffectiveness: Tito's consistent hostility. With frankness that must be disconcerting to many, he admits that he would have regarded an Allied landing as a hostile invasion. He describes in detail the precautions he took to keep secret from those who thought themselves his friends, his flight from Vis to Moscow in the summer of 1944. The people of Split and Dubrovnik were aghast to see the crew of a British cruiser and a brigade group ostentatiously insulted by gangs of prematurely adult boys and girls armed with British tommy-guns. And all the time Allied propaganda was churning out misinformation about Tito's aims and character.

Considerable space is given to the maneuvers by which Tito achieved recognition for his Communist regime after the war. Whatever face was saved for

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the Allies by the compromise, they immediately lost. In 1946 Yugoslavia settled down as part of the Russian hegemony. The main substance and central theme of this book is Tito's subsequent dismissal and survival. This is the story Tito has been longing to tell and here the interest of the Western reader is likely to flag unless he (or more probably she) suffers from the prevalent monomania which makes reading a form of rumination. These readers will devour any and every book which feeds their obsession, savoring every repetition. More sophisticated readers may well be bored. There are two hundred pages of it, all no doubt of titivating novelty in Belgrade but sad stuff to us who have been glutted with the confessions of repentant dupes and liars. It is no news to us that Stalin was a blackguard and his rule intolerable. For nearly two hundred fifty pages we have borne with Tito's monotonous denunciation of everyone who crossed his path, as a traitor and a spy. Now the nozzle is directed at him; he squirts back. The exchange is less than enthralling.

TITO'S simple thesis is that the whole Communist world is out of step except himself; that Stalin had "deviated" from the pure doctrine of Marx and Lenin and that Belgrade is the New Rome. But Mr. Dedijer is not quite up to the very special pleading required to make his case plausible. The truth peeps through everywhere that there is no real difference in philosophy or policy. It is purely a matter of personalities.

Stalin decided to destroy Tito and for a variety of reasons did not succeed. The method of destruction first chosen was ingenious. There are many good reasons for the federation of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Tito would not object to being their joint President. But the government of Bulgaria is purely a Soviet creation imposed on a defeated nation. The NKVD reigns there supreme. Tito had his own secret police and the efforts of the NKVD to establish itself in Yugoslavia had not been entirely successful. Once Tito's solid little gang of wartime comrades had been diluted with Bulgarians, he could have been dispatched in the regular way.

But Tito had observed and assisted in too many "purges" to be caught so easily. He knew that by breaking with Russia he would be increasing the destitution of his unhappy country which was completely dependent on Russia for her welfare and development. Once before he had been faced with a similar less drastic choice. In 1944 UNRRA came with help to his starving people. As in every other country they stipulated that their own officials should distribute supplies. This would have meant that at the crucial time when Tito was consolidating his power there would be independent observers to see his manner of doing so. It would have meant, too, that relief would go impartially to all in need. Tito had drawn up a scale of precedence which insured that only those he favored would benefit. (The present writer saw a copy of this scale.) Rather than allow UNRRA its essential right, Tito repudiated all relief. Better the people should starve than that he should suffer any diminution of authority. But his bluff succeeded and he got the provisions on his own terms.

In March 1948 it was not a fraction of authority that was at stake but his very existence; it scarcely seemed possible that the West, once duped, would trust him a second time. But Tito did not hesitate for long. His little gang, all save two, stood by him, and incalculably the Western powers began to shower him with subsidies and offers of friendship.

WHY did the Russians wish to dispense with him? This kind of cannibalism is, of course, endemic in the Communist system. Moreover there seems everywhere (as shown by the electorate in France and Britain) a disposition to overthrow war-leaders at the height of their triumph. But in Tito's case there was a further personal cause. He plainly bored them all unendurably by his boasting.

The British title of this book, *Tito Speaks,* suggests the eagerly awaited breaking of a long silence, as though by an Eastern mystic after years of solitary contemplation. In fact Tito has never ceased speaking. Again and again in the latter chapters of this book we are told that Tito, addressing some congress, began by rehearsing the history and triumphs of the Yugoslav Army of Liberation. It seems to be his normal warming-up before any utterance and no doubt it was extremely tedious to comrades like Bierut who have no such achievements to proclaim.

The book ends as it began with what is plainly meant to be an appealing human portrait. We hear of Tito's love of his dog, the warmth and gentleness of his blue eyes, his simple plebeian tastes. We are told he is much in demand as godfather to infants. It is not stated whether he attends the service and vicariously demands Faith. There is little in the book (beyond the stock, often refuted, accusations against Cardinal Stepinac) about the Church. Tito ascribes his theological vacuum to an early cuffing from a priest whom he had served at the altar. There is, however, another recorded memory. Tito was a very greedy little boy and he grudged the small alms which his mother occasionally gave to the friars. It is significant that although portly himself Tito seldom mentions a priest without the pejorative epithet "fat." No doubt psychologists could explain much of his zest for starving out religious by the early horror of seeing good food going to a good case.

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Tito never allows himself the pleasure of a single chivalrous word about an opponent. Even Stalin, no Bayard, was shocked by his grossness in this matter. There is, however, an evident attempt in this book to change the myth of the bandit chief for that of the "Big Brother" of George Orwell's *1984*. His present position is precarious. It would be ironical if we found ourselves involved in World War III in his defense.

Is there any further danger in "Titoism"? There is indeed. Everywhere except in the bazaars and jungles of Asia and Africa Communists are losing faith in Russia. Russia is the one land in which a whole generation has grown up without knowledge of God and the humanities. Power politics and "purges" are the sickening fruit of the process. Man without God is less than Man. But there is an evident danger that the true sequence of cause and effect may be neglected. Observers point out that Stalin was merely the old Czar writ large; that there is something in Russian character naturally sympathetic to tyranny; that there is nothing wrong with Communism, merely with Russia. Such a view is acceptable alike to Tory opportunists and to sentimental Marxists. That way lies the promise of further disaster.

The Early Phase of an American Writer

HENRY JAMES: The Untried Years. 1843-1870. By Leon Edel. Lippincott. $5.

By WAYNE ANDREWS

ALTHOUGH Mr. Leon Edel has already devoted over twenty years to the task of writing the biography of Henry James, there is no danger of his confronting us with one of those compendiums which lie respected—and unread—on our library shelves. "The contemporary biographer," he believes, "is forced, by the mountains of letters and journals and newspapers, to melt his materials or be smothered by them." So this study of the great American novelist might be described as an essay in simplification. Judging from the first volume, which ends with the subject at the age of twenty-seven, it would seem that Percy Lubbock was a poor prophet when he argued, on re-reading James's reminiscences of his youth, that " it would be impossible for anyone else to write his life."

"It is now recognized," Mr. Edel declares, "that with Henry James the novel in English achieved its greatest perfection." But if we are to appreciate all that he accomplished, we should remember that he passed through three periods. Most of us are well aware of the artist who was embalmed for posterity—"the heavy-lidded, talkative master of Rye and Chelsea;" many of us are able to imagine "the sharp-visioned, crisp and witty, bearded James of the 1880s;" unfortunately, few of us recall "the shy but purposeful, and prodigiously creative young American who arrived at Paris at thirty-two and consorted with Turgenev and the heirs of Balzac." It is this last figure who compels our admiration and our affection in this slender volume.

There are, as this biographer knows only too well, many misconceptions concerning Henry James. One of these involves the expatriate whose "touch of underbreeding in his recurrence to the problem of the social relations of Americans to the Old World" dismayed Justice Holmes.

Very wisely, Mr. Edel here insists that the novelist "foresaw that the great story of the Western World for years to come would be the New World's rediscovery of the Old, and the Old's discovery of the New." Moreover, it was James who observed that "it's a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe."

Since William James admitted that he and his younger brother Henry "are so utterly different in all our observances and springs of action that we can't rightly judge each other," Mr. Edel is quite correct in emphasizing their rivalry. It was William who boasted when they were children that "*I* play with boys who curse and swear," and William who poked fun at a childhood sketch of Henry's labeled "The thunder roared and the lightning followed." In later years Henry was to brood in his fiction over the rivalry of brothers and sisters, and one of his early stories dealt with the frustration of a girl who married the husband of her dead sister, only to be thwarted in the act of clutching her clothes by a ghostly hand.

But this biographer is at his very best when sketching the relations between Henry James and his lovely cousin Minny Temple, who died, as all readers of *Notes Of A Son And Brother* will remember, a victim of tuberculosis. "Henry *adored* Minny and between adoration and love there can be a wide difference," we are told. "The word explains why in the retrospect of half a century he spoke of her alternatively as angel and human . . . having 'noble flights and such discouraged drops.' " She was, of course, to become the heroine of *The Portrait Of A Lady* and to suggest the Milly Theale of *The Wings Of The Dove*. "Dead, Minny was Henry's, within the crystal walls of his mind," Mr. Edel concludes. "He could write—and it is almost in a tone of triumph—'She has gone where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage! no illusion and no disillusion—no sleepless nights and no ebbing strength.' "

The author of *The Untried Years* has called Minny Temple back from the shadows, there can be no doubt of that, and her spirit will certainly watch over the volumes to come. In the meantime we must all be thankful that Henry James has found a biographer of such tact, such sympathy, and such understanding. For Mr. Edel's first volume is nothing less than a masterpiece.

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The "Little Life" of Everyman

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT. By R. K. Narayan. Introduction by Graham Greene. Michigan State College Press. $3.

By FRANK GETLEIN

THE fact that R. K. Narayan has remained unpublished in this country for twenty years is reason enough for an academic press to abandon the first rule of selection of that branch of the industry: dullness. The Michigan State press is to be congratulated on here getting in touch with the real goods, on giving American publication to a first-rate novelist of India.

The India that Narayan opens to us is understandably unattractive to American trade publishers. It could not serve as field for Otis Skinner, nor would Somerset Maugham, in his wildest cast, send Tyrone Power there to find his soul. Finally, like most of the real world, Narayan's India is distressingly non-political. In the years of this story the newsreel India "seethed" with history. Little of this is mentioned in the novel. Indicative of our common humanity, on whatever continent implanted, the hero, Margayya, is consciously concerned with one thing only: to make a buck.

Margayya's pursuit, capture and loss of the big rupee has a classical construction. He is the "financial expert" of the Indian town of Malgudi. The town is blessed with a Central Cooperative Land Mortgage Bank, established to promote thrift among the villagers and to eliminate middlemen from their financial lives. The bank is a western-style institution; the villagers are eastern-style men. A translator is essential. Margayya, as the novel opens, sits with his strong box, across the square from the bank, under the banyan tree, tirelessly explaining to his countrymen the fantastic possibilities of credit under the bylaws of the bank. He makes out their applications and he takes his fee. He squeezes a bare living from this activity and he is unhappy at his lack of status, furiously determined that his adored little son, Balu, shall grow up like a prince.

This phase ends abruptly when Balu throws Margayya's account book into the sewer. With the tiny sum salvaged from his promising business, Margayya finances an elaborate forty-day prayer siege of Lakshmi, the money goddess. Days pass and his faith wavers, but Dr. Pal, a caricature of Northern sociology in a hot climate, saves the day. He presents Margayya with his manuscript, "Bed Life, The Science of Marital Happiness," which, published, is an enormous success. The financial expert is able to branch out in his real love, the science of sleight of hand with money. Balu, already thoroughly spoiled, is endowed with the princely life.

Passionately bent on "legitimatizing" and making permanent his new status in Balu, Margayya does everything but beat into his son's head the knowledge necessary to take a degree. In vain. The boy leaves home, enamoured, fatally, of the highest product of money culture, motion pictures. Brought back to Malgudi he becomes the disciple of Dr. Pal, now a dabbler in sociological tourism. Margayya's operations have now entered the stratospheric zone made familiar to Americans by Ponzi of Boston. He freely pays out twenty per cent interest from new principal and lugs home five to ten mail sacks full of cash every night. He is the complete slave to this meaningless game. Between them Balu and Dr. Pal collapse the house of cards and Margayya lies on a mat for weeks. When he sees his grandson he announces that on the morrow he will take up the old battered strong box and return to his spot under the banyan tree.

It is simple enough to draw a handful of morals from this inevitable turning of the wheel. The man took symbol for reality and was destroyed. Well, he wasn't destroyed. He seems, in fact, indestructible and perhaps the search for a moral should proceed in that direction. Actually, no moral would be quite adequate, certainly none could begin to sum up what the book has given us. There is a powerful, though delicately held, grasp of life in this novel, not the big Life, whose meaning requires a voyage to India or a library of commentary, but the little life composed of the tiny indignity, the perilous foothold, the chance irritation, the life inescapable and on the whole rather funny, the life we all get through between awakening and grateful sleep.

A New Look

THE RETURN OF GERMANY. By Norbert Muhlen. Regnery. $4.50.

By JAN OLECHOWSKI

AFTER the experience of World War II, it is extremely difficult for many Europeans to think or to write objectively about present German problems. They are too emotionally involved. A Pole, a Yugoslav, a Frenchman tends to approach every article, every book about Germany, with suspicion. It is therefore a real accomplishment that Mr. Norbert Muhlen's *The Return of Germany* encourages the reader to forget his emotional complexes and to see the German problem with new eyes and an open mind. This was at least true in my case and I hope it will be the same with many other readers who have been inclined to look at postwar Germany only through the horror of past experiences.

Mr. Muhlen's book deals with Western and Eastern Germany. The most important element of his approach to the German problem is his conviction that the imperialistic and totalitarian disease of one period of history does not mean that a nation must be sick forever. He treats the Germany of today with deep historical insight, and reminds us that there were times when Germany was a completely normal member of the European family. Even *"Deutschland über alles,"* which became a hated symbol of German imperialistic madness, was written in fact by a liberal poet with an entirely different meaning from the Bismarck-Hitler version.

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But make no mistake. Mr. Muhlen's book has nothing to do with an easy optimism. The author is fully aware of many dangers in present-day Germany. But he does not believe that we are facing any new revival of Nazism. What we are facing is really a tremendous effort by Soviet Communism to capture and subjugate this vital part of the European continent.

Mr. Muhlen's political insights are realistic and dispassionate. He demonstrates very convincingly how sinister the political designs of Soviet Communism towards Germany actually are. The most important element of Soviet strategy, he believes, is the effort to alienate Europeans and Americans from Germany. The specter of Nazism, he says, is now being used to sow hatred, suspicion, and misunderstanding about Western Germany.

The Return of Germany is not only an excellent political study. It is also vivid and colorful journalistic reportage. It could be read with profit not only by students of political affairs but also by those who desire a deeper understanding of postwar problems—free of prejudice and free of fear.

Up To Date

HOTEL TALLEYRAND. By Paul Hyde Bonner. Scribner's. $3.50.

By CAROL H. WEISS

THIS is not a book to be chewed and digested. It's even pretty hard to swallow. But for plain fast-moving entertainment, this is a highly palatable concoction.

The Hotel Talleyrand is the Paris headquarters of the ECA. One of its high officials is S. Livingston Locke, one-time Wall Street banker, who is busily angling for an ambassadorship. He is the pompous, calculating type who plots out his daily stratagems every morning with his mirror. His wife, on the other hand, is all that is charming, womanly, honorable, and consequently unhappy. Locke's assistant at ECA is Walter Haines, an earnest young economist who is long on learning but short on experience in the *haut monde*.

Handled with author Bonner's polished dexterity, these three Americans could furnish the basis for an interesting tale of manners. But Mr. Bonner is out after more sensational game. He gets them involved with two exotic Frenchmen. A beautiful Communist agent is planted in a brothel to lure ECA secrets out of Haines. And for the welfare of the distaff side, there is a handsome French nobleman, militantly anti-Communist, who recognizes a neglected wife when he sees one. He recognizes Communist agents, too. The plot speeds on apace.

Mr. Bonner writes with a lighthearted charm that makes all the tumult highly engrossing. However involved events become, his urbanity reminds us that this is still Paris in the spring. But the climax of the novel is one of abrupt violence; if we were more concerned with the characters, it would be tragic. By this time, however, we have been disarmed by Mr. Bonner's ironic good humor, and the denouement is out of key. He has dragged a corpse into the drawing room, and the change of mood is too sensational to be convincing.

I have the disturbing impression that Mr. Bonner can do better than this, that he has taken his ECA story and watered it down and jazzed it up for the book-buying public. But if the success of his first novel, *SPQR*, is an indication, he knows the formula. *Hotel Talleyrand* should do at least as much to gladden Charles Scribner's Sons' hearts.

Too Small a World

THE LAST HUSBAND. By William Humphrey. Morrow. $3.

By DAVID M. CULHANE

THESE ten stories make up a very uneven book. In thinking of it as a whole the flaws are emphasized, since they are pervasive; the relatively clear vein is found only in separate stories. In three or four of these Mr. Humphrey successfully brings off the usually awkward match of satire with sympathy. In "The Last Husband," for example, Edward Gavin takes a mistress to actualize his need to be the breadwinner because his wife is a member of the emancipated generation to whom mending curtains is comparable to the Hindu purdah. We can laugh at this fellow but only gently: his predicament is too real.

But even in the best stories there is a looseness of construction which tends to dissipate the final effect. "The Fauve," an unhooded, free-flying assault on a small town artist's colony, for all its quick-touching humor, takes much too long to reach the kill. The same is true of the wholly different "Man With a Family," perhaps the best story in the collection This diffuseness is perhaps due to a desire for meticulous characterization, but this sort of string-saving has untidy results.

The other difficulty is stylistic—again a kind of privation. A prose writer's style depends largely on his ability to flesh a story with his finger-print reaction to movement, color and sound. Mr. Humphrey's description of a man with a cut hand stands out: " . . . carrying one of his hands in the other as if he were afraid of spilling it." Simple, and neatly captured. But the perceptions in these stories are generally more abstracted than this, less vivid and figured.

However, it is the characters that give point to the best stories here. The range of theme and locale is deceptive, for we are recurrently confronted with people's poses, or, more accurately, their images of themselves. Mr. Humphrey is not moving with the short story in any of its several directions. I do not suggest that he is necessarily wrong in this—only that his precise and objective discoveries of character might be more effective in a larger form. The people need more room. The milieus lightly sketched, for example, in "The Fauve" or "Report Cards" demand a more spacious existence. These are characters in search of a novel.

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Details and Trends of History

THE MIND OF THE MIDDLE AGES—A.D. 200-1500. An Historical Survey. By Frederick B. Artz. Knopf. $7.50.

By MAX FISCHER

FREDERICK B. ARTZ, professor of history at Oberlin College for almost three decades and author of the valuable work *France Under the Bourbon Restoration,* now presents us with this learned introduction to the history of medieval thought. It is not a research into new fields but a survey, presenting not only the history of medieval philosophy but also much information about the fine arts, literature, music, science and education. As the editor of the *Journal of Modern Literature* and the *Journal of Central European Affairs* Mr. Artz has accumulated rich knowledge and an ability for integrating material which now, surprisingly, he applies to the field of medieval intellectual history.

The value of such a book is not based so much on information as on the way in which a millenium differing so widely from our way of life is presented and evaluated. It is not important which details are given and which are omitted. What matters is how the characteristics of the Middle Ages are accentuated and which trends developed. This aim is defeated in *The Mind of the Middle Ages* by the author's devotion to details, by his agnosticism, and by his indifference to diverse trends that would have been better overemphasized than neglected in a summary of this type.

The lack of clear-cut differentiation leads to some oversimplification, and the uninformed reader may be suffocated by the vast amount of insufficiently coordinated material thrown at him. The author seems to have little ability to characterize persons and places briefly.

The bibliographical notes are excellent and form the most valuable part of the book. The attempt to include the Byzantine and Islamic civilizations of the Middle Ages in the work is commendable. It should also be stressed that an admirable quantity of information has been packed into these five hundred and fifty pages. But the book's total effect seems to me that of a reference work rather than a book to be read and studied from beginning to end.

U. S. Marines

BATTLE CRY. By Leon Uris. Putnam. $3.75.

By PAUL V. FARRELL

A MINOR ambition of most ex-servicemen, I suppose, is to be able to sit down with a captive audience, and without interruption tell it every experience from the moment of swearing in to the day of discharge. Leon Uris, a combat veteran of World War II, has achieved that goal in the grand style with a walloping five-hundred-and-five-page first novel that moves with the momentum of an assault battalion.

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Just as the Marine has much of the equipment of the soldier, *Battle Cry* has many of the stock characters and situations of the standard war novel. But like the Marine, it has its own distinct flavor, impossible to imitate and difficult to describe. Uris takes the heroes, young Danny Forrester, tough but tender regular Sergeant McQuade and the rest of the platoon, through a rip-roaring cavalcade of bottles, beds and battles, with the Marine Corps hymn blaring out for background music. At times it reads as if Mickey Spillane and James Jones had collaborated to rewrite *The Rover Boys.*

Uris is at his best in what appears to be straight reporting—the unique barracks talk, the loneliness you feel in a great crowd of men, and many other experiences and sensations of military life are vividly recalled. He prefers to skim rather lightly over the complex processes of characterization in favor of straight action, which is fair enough in view of what he is trying to impart—the extraordinary esprit of the U. S. Marine Corps. Like the Marines, he succeeds in what he tries —in a somewhat corny, but strangely exhilarating yarn.

Dialogues

ZORBA THE GREEK. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

By SEAN CALLERY

A BIOGRAPHICAL note on the jacket of this novel informs us that its author is a life-long student of art and literature and that his numerous works include treatises on philosophy. The tale itself is in the form of a memoir; its central characters being the author at the age of thirty-five and an elderly adventurer, Zorba, whom Mr. Kazantzakis meets in a Piraeus cafe and employs on the spot to assist him in a project he is about to undertake: the operation of a lignite mine in Crete. Zorba, a very devil of a fellow, who has savored fully the varied experiences of a notably adventurous life, is the ideal companion for a drab scholar, regretful of the dearth of color and excitement in his own life.

The Cretan setting is itself interesting and the lesser characters have much potential. These latter include an aged French courtesan more or less marooned on the island, a primitively attractive young widow who is eventually beheaded in a singularly picturesque fashion for having caused the suicide of a local lad, a community of astonishingly venal and stupid monks.

Having introduced these arresting types, the author chooses largely to ignore their narrative possibilities and concentrates on a series of philosophical dialogues between himself and Zorba. These consist chiefly in the recounting of Zorba's many past exploits after which they solemnly discuss their metaphysical implications. The tales themselves are tiresome and repetitive and the philosophy itself frequently commonplace and unenlightening. Thus the total effect upon the reader is

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one of boredom and also of fatigue since the labored prose requires concientious attention if one isn't to lose the thread altogether.

As in many another philosophical novel, one is convinced that the characters were contrived to illustrate various maxims. Lacking real belief in their existence, we fail to be moved. In addition, Mr. Kazantzakis has failed to justify his enduring interest in the central character, for we are told directly how fascinating Zorba was but, having finished the book, have little more than the author's word for it.

Sanctity

THE INTERIOR CARMEL. By John C. H. Wu. Sheed & Ward. $3.25.

By DAVID HURST

LIKE the great Carmelite mystics whom he quotes frequently in this book (Saints Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross, Thérèse of Lisieux), Dr. Wu writes stirringly and convincingly of the spiritual life because he draws from the depths of his own experience. Here is obviously a man who, having sought and found God himself, wishes others to follow after him on the path to peace and joy.

Three points which particularly need emphasis today have been set off with remarkable clarity by the author. First, the necessity for continual effort, intellectual as well as moral, in seeking closer union with God; second, the importance of the proper kind of self-knowledge, in no wise a morbid sort of introspection, but a sober reflection on being (God's, one's own); finally, the central place which Christ holds for us: "No one can truly be united with the Holy Trinity without being convinced of the eminent appropriateness and necessity of the Incarnation. This is the surest sign of true mysticism."

Written by a layman, this modest but solid treatise should be especially welcome as meditative reading to laymen who desire a fuller understanding of, and deeper participation in, the mysteries of their religion.

Elusive Genius

ROBERT BROWNING: A Portrait. By Betty Miller. Scribner's. $5.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

SITTING on Robert Browning's knee one day, my mother, aged about ten and a pedant, though pretty, with the clouds of dark hair the poet admired in females, asked him what he meant by some particularly obscure passage in "Sordello." "Wouldn't the Browning Society like to know!" he sighed. "And so would I." Mrs. Miller is less hesitant. She is sure she has the key, and she has written a fascinating and delightful, as well as scholarly, book to prove it. "Paracelsus" and "Pauline," the poet's two early works, are clear autobiographies, she declares. Too clear, in fact. Such men as John Stuart Mill saw too well, and all Browning's later verse was deliberately obscure. "Festus" and "Michal" in "Paracelsus" are of course Father and Mother. Till he was thirty-four Browning slept in the next room to his mother, with the door open between them. Until he married, when he became dependent on his wife, he was financially completely dependent on his parents, who were poor—the elder Browning never earned more than £350 a year as a bank clerk. Late in life Browning destroyed all possibly self-revelatory material.

The day of the purely Oedipus investigation of creative motives seems past; now it is all the fashion to temper Freud with Marx, and add sociological data to psychological. Browning's suburban childhood, the decent aura of Dissent that wrapped him even when he was happily in Florence with his beloved Ba, is admirably shown. Mrs. Miller bases Browning's preoccupation with the charlatan, the quack, the second-rater, the apparent failure, on his own deliberate failure to "deliver the message with which he had been entrusted." This message, she insists, was the atheism of Shelley: it was upon Shelley he modeled himself, Shelley whose mantle, Elisha-like, he sought at Asolo and Lerici, Shelley whom he betrayed when he destroyed his copy of "Queen Mab," and dethroned reason. ". . . the man born with a wolfish hunger after knowledge" found himself, in the last years of his life, writing:

Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
As wholly, love allied to ignorance

He had, as he himself expressed it "Flung all honor from my soul." Browning as Mrs. Miller shows him was far from being the "accomplished, saturated, sane, sound man of the London world" Henry James judged him to be. On the contrary, he was tied first to his mother, then to Elizabeth Barrett, and finally to the petticoats of a posse of rich Anglo-American widows.

Mrs. Miller contrasts Robert Browning's temperate female friendships, all with ladies from six to twelve years his senior, with the warmth of his feeling for his men friends, of whom Thomas Carlyle was the most nearly of his stature. There seems every reason to believe all she says.

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But is a dependence upon women, resulting from a dominating mother, enough to explain what Thomas Hardy, writing to Edmund Gosse, called "*the* literary puzzle of the nineteenth century"? How could a shallow, smug Christian optimism find a place inside a man who was so vast a seer and feeler when on neutral ground? Surely more went to such a man's relations with the universe than the fact that he was an unburped baby? That Browning suffered from the almost unbearably rare atmosphere of the fifteen years of his married life is no doubt true. "If you wish another spirit to keep close by you while you go up higher offenses must come, and the wings get in the way of each other," he wrote. Some of his poetry written after his wife's death, about supposedly happy marriages, is bitter, too. He probably *was* bored by his wife's spiritualism, *was* disgusted by her worship of Louis Napoleon, her dislike of democracy, her distaste for living in England; doubtless he disapproved of the way she brought up their only child. But all that doesn't explain the glory of long love ending so tidily in a peaceful death, and a remarkably discreet widowerhood. Nor does it in any way account for the excellence of the poetry. Freud himself, having written the model puzzle-solving biography, on Leonardo da Vinci, after proving completely conclusively that the painter's bastardy and his love for his grandmother conditioned him, ends with a magnificent admission that no analysis can account for genius, that genius eludes analysis, and that before it, one can only stand silent. Some such admission would have improved Mrs. Miller's excellent whodunit. A trace of *eidos*, a moment of wonder at that strange catalyst which makes a genius of elements that in most others results in namby-pamby neurotics, would have become her.

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Jan Olechowski is a writer for Radio Free Europe.

Carol H. Weiss is a regular reviewer for The Commonweal.

David M. Culhane is in the Graduate School of the University of Michigan.

Max Fischer is a member of the faculty at the New School in New York City.

Paul V. Farrell is on the editorial staff of Conover-Mast Publications.

Sean Callery is an Irish actor and critic now living in New York.

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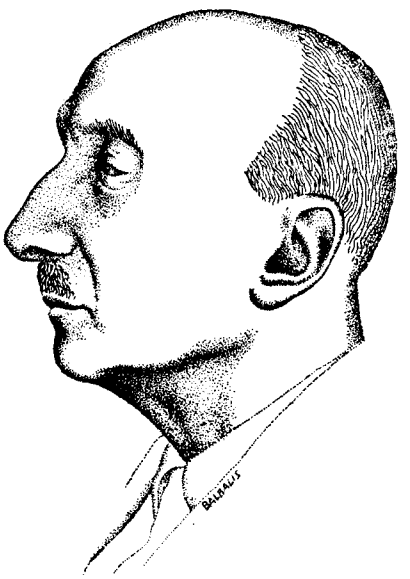

Nobel Prize-winning novelist Francois Mauriac writes in the next issue of The Commonweal his own reflections on his work: "No novelist can pretend that he does not want to leave behind a valid body of observation witnessing to the time in which he lived, and this ambition was also mine. But I was resolved not to describe my period from the outside. This is where the influence of Proust upon me was a dominant one, or rather—since it is nowhere apparent, I believe, in my style or in the structure of my novels—this is where the case of Proust helped me to understand my own. Proust strengthened and justified me in the stubborn belief, to which no doubt I should have been inclined even though I had not known 'Remembrance of Things Past,' but of which he helped me to become conscious, that nothing pertaining to my time would find its way into my work unless I had first encountered it in myself."

And in the same issue the Irish critic, Donat O'Donnell, author of "Maria Cross," writes about Mauriac: "When he refers to certain sounds or smells—the ...ng of the cicadas, the smell of burning resin—there is an exciteme... ...yricism in his prose, an extra tension in his narrative. It is as if it were really Proust's intermittent God in the machine that was giving these 'stage directions' under which nature seems to take part in the human drama. The two principal characters in 'The Desert of Love' know that the impending storm cannot break 'until the last bull has died in the arena.' That seems to be a magical belief—and Mauriac has been reproached for it—but is it not really a phenomenon of memory?"

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